1; Drew G-3 (1862-1872) 1875 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3

when the Dārds had become Muhammadan, they spread again in this direction, and the newer comers have joined on with, or become next-door neighbours to, the earlier migrants. 179 174

The Race Map shows the area of these Buddhist Dārds under the same colour as all the rest of that race, while the Faith Map shows it under the same colour as the Ladākhīs who are Buddhists. The Language Map shows a division of even this small area, for while in the greater number of villages above enumerated a truly Dārd language is spoken, in the Hanū side-valley the people have lost their original language, and speak only the Tibetan Ladākhī; in the Language Map, therefore, that valley is coloured with the rest of the country where the Tibetan tongue is spoken, while the other villages are classed as Dārd-speaking.[2]

These Buddhist Dārds have little or no trace of Tibetan in their faces; the two races have not mixed, or not much mixed; their face is Aryan, but not a fine stamp of Aryan; their noses are small, though often slightly hooked, their chin narrow.* In stature they are taller than the average Ladākhī, but they are not such fine men as the Dārds of Drās, Astor, or Gilgit. They wear the pigtail as the Ladākhīs do, and their dress is the same as theirs, including the drooping cap figured at p. 240. 142 302 291

They are a dreadfully dirty people, far more so than any other tribe I have ever met with; their faces are blotched with black dirt, which they never think of removing. As a means of purifying, instead of washing, they burn twigs of pencil-cedar, and let the smoke and the scent from it come over them and inside their clothes; they do this before eating, not perhaps generally but on feast-days, and at other times when they think purification to be necessary. Their women, who are not shy of being seen, surpass even the men in dirtiness, and altogether are the most miserable of objects. 515 783

I could not hear that there was any distinction of castes among them[1]; indeed what I heard made me think there was not. One 564

* Among the Muhammadan Dārds also, as in the upper part of the Hārpo Valley in Rondū, I have found this narrow-chinned, low-Aryan, form of face. It may after all be due to an admixture of blood, in this case with the Baltis.

1 [i.e. the Buddhist Dards -- ANALYST]
2 [See category 11A, End Maps [illegible] -- ANALYST]

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3
Chitral

Afzul fairly took my breath away one day during 644
the performance by calling to one of his attendant 515 •
courtiers, and by blowing his nose on the end of the
latter's turban.

Here we first got the splendid white grape, reserved 262
for the royal family. It almost equals the finest 245
muscatel grown in an English hothouse. Properly
cultivated, it would be about the best grape in the
world. It is said to have been imported from Central
Asia.

Our reception at Mastuj was very striking. Afzul 644
had joined us the day before, and had with him some 291
hundred and fifty mounted men, who formed an 411
irregular bodyguard. They were ablaze with colour;
their chogas of gold kinkob, green and blue velvets,
gorgeous silks of Bokhara, or brilliant broadcloths,
floated loose over bright silk or coloured cotton under-
coats; their voluminous breeches were tucked into
high brown or black boots, or merely into the
gay-patterned knitted woollen stockings which all
Chitralis wear. Every man was armed to the teeth.
All had a rifle or gun slung over the shoulder;
most had a polished metal or leather shield on the
back; nearly all, in addition to a sword, carried
a dagger and pistol stuck in the belt. On narrow
portions of the road they could only go in single file,
some ahead of us and some behind, but as we got into
more open ground they swarmed all round us. As
we approached the fort of Mastuj itself, a horseman
would suddenly single himself out from the crowd and
dash down hill at breakneck speed, circle over the
small cultivated space near the fort, and join the men
waiting to receive us. These notabilities of Afzul's 644
Government, to the number of a hundred, stood in

4a Durand G-8 (1888-89) 1900 AVI Kashmir
Dardoo?
Chitral

515 ladies, I heard, revelled in the soap; and, judging from the men, I should say it was needed.

148 From Chitral I sent letters to Peshawar through Dir and Bajour, and asked permission to come back to India that way. The Peshawar authorities said afterwards we should have had our throats cut had we attempted it. This, "from information received," I did not believe, and in any case it was worth trying, as we had no accurate knowledge of the road. The Khan of Dir and Umra Khan of Jandol were ready to pass me through their territories, and as both wished to come to an understanding with Government, I believed the opportunity to be a good one, more especially as the Mehtar had at the moment considerable influence with them both, and was prepared to do all in his power to assist me in the attempt, believing that Government would take any help given me by him into consideration. However, the fates were against me, and I did not get permission. I arranged to spend the time pending the receipt of an answer in visiting the Dorah, Agram, Nuksan, and Katinza passes, leading over the Hindu-Kush into Badakshan, but the early setting in of the snowfall rendered it impossible for me to visit the last three, and I had to content myself with the Dorah, the main pass, over which runs a rough kafila or caravan road, which has from time immemorial connected Badakshan through Chitral, Dir, and Swat with India.

431 I had a final interview with the Mehtar before leaving Chitral, and he presented me at parting with the usual number of horses, and with some fur coats, one of which was much admired when I wore it in

4a Durand G-3 (1888-92) 1906 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3
Chitral

protectorate over Kafiristan, and for not preventing the Amir from conquering the country. An entire ignorance of geography, and a want of appreciation of the racial and territorial questions involved, and of the ties which bind us to the Afghan ruler, alone explain the position assumed.

We stayed some time in Chitral, and I saw a good deal of the Mehtar, and again was much taken with him. He must have been a strikingly handsome man in his youth; even now it was a very fine face, stern and bold, but with a charming expression when he smiled. He was in high good humour during my visits, and we used to go to the Jandli together and watch the polo. He wanted to play the first day, but I dissuaded him, not desiring to be present in Chitral during the inevitable free fight which must follow his death. When we got off our horses at the side of the ground there was but one chair, on which of course neither of us would sit, so we stood talking while another was being brought. Something I said pleased the old man so much that he turned and hugged me, and stood with his arm round my neck for some moments. It showed how pleased he was, and was satisfactory from that point of view, but it was a dreadful ordeal from another—for the Chitrali gentleman does not wash too much, and his clothes swarm with vermin. After an interview in one of their houses it was always a case of a complete change, all one's under-linen going into boiling water and outer garments being put into the sun and searched. It is a sickening experience for the Englishman.

After Robertson had started for Kafiristan I broke up the camp, sent off all coolies and most of the